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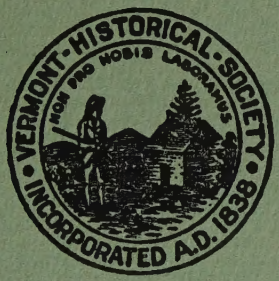

The Reverend Joel Winch — Pioneer Minister. III
Four Prize Essays
A Vermont Bookshelf. *A Department*
Postscript

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
JUNE
1942

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Proceedings

of the

VERMONT

Historical Society

JUNE

1942

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POSTSCRIPT 126

In our September issue we hope to be able to offer our readers a detailed report of the archaeological investigations carried on in Vermont during the summer of 1941. Another feature will be an extended and critical review of Thompson's *Independent Vermont.*

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1942

NEW SERIES JUNE VOL. X NO. 2

THE REVEREND JOEL WINCH — PIONEER MINISTER. III

SELECTIONS FROM HIS DIARIES

Edited by

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

With the selections given below we complete the authentic picture of an early Vermont circuit preacher. In the second instalment [Proceedings *for March, 1941*] *he was riding a circuit in a mountainous region of the state and evidently fulfilling the drastic requirements of his calling. From Vermont his diaries indicate that he went to Maine, then to New Hampshire, then returned to Vermont. Even the casual reader, we are sure, will find himself riding in the following pages with the earnest, devout circuit preacher over the rough roads into the pioneer hamlets of one hundred and fifty years ago, carrying his Methodist faith like a light before him and meeting uncomplainingly, as a rule, the hardships and challenges of his chosen way. Editor.*

JUNE the tenth 1806. I bid my Circuit Farewell at Wentworth and went on to Canaan Conferance. I staide at James Folsomes in Dorchester, an old acquaintance of mine. [*Mr. Winch was located in New Hampshire at this time. Editor.*] There I met with the woman that catched the Chare a way from before me when I was Preaching.

She began very abrupt saying, Mr Winch, I would be glad to know what you hold so much spite a gainst me for? said I, you depend it, mam, I have no spite against you. But I say you lie (said she) you lie Sir. You lie Sir. I asked her if she thought she used good manners, for she before had said that the Methodist Preachers had not good Manners. She replide that it was good manners to tell a Man you lie Sir, but, said she, it is not good manners to say you lie. She run on in an unbecoming and rediculus manner. She had jest before burnt two Books because the Methodist told her they ware good. After she had talked for two hours, she grew somewhat tired. Poor simple Woman, I pitied her. So I beged her to stop and let me talk a little while and so rest herself. After many hard words she stopt. I then told her what I thought of her and requested her to go home and stay till she felt better. Next Morning, my Horse was gone. I some expected that some of her friends had taken him away; however, it prooved other waies.

This day I went to Canaan, but my pen cannot tell the joy I felt in meeting with the Preachers. If I looked this way or that I could see a company of my fellow Laboures acoming who had been labouring in the Field of the Lord. It truly made my heart to melt and mine eyes to run down with tears of Joy. I was appointed to board at Theophelos Cureers on the South streat & the Brothren David Batchelor, Daniel Perrey, William Steevens, did board with me. They ware loving Brothers all well ingaged in Religeon. June 12th at Nine O.C. Conferance began bisness went on well. Friday 13th the People ware gethering from evry direction for there was a Camp meeting appointed to begin on that day. By 10 O.C. there ware two tents erected for the Devil and one for the Lord and a large Assembley on the Ground.

This day and the day following I met with many friends from those Circuits that I had traviled before. They made my heart to rejoice while they related to me how graceous the Lord had been to them since I saw them. It caused me to look forward to the Glorious time when God's Servents shall not meet themselves only and that for a Conferance, but shall meet and bring there Sheaves with them and join in one eturnal Love fiest never more to part. Saturday 14 I am hapy in God this morning. O how ought I to praise the Lord for his wonderful workes to the Children of men. Conferance went on well. Nineteen young preachers recieved. June Sabbath 15 we assembled in the grove. I gess there nearly three Thousand people present. There ware some Exhortations, then a Sermon preached by George Picker-

ing, then the Elders ware ordain'd by the which time it rained so that it broke us up in the Woods. We then went to the meeting but many went home. 16th which was the Monday that the grate Eclipse was. The Conferance arose this day and a weaping time it was. Some of the Preachers ware apointed and some three hundred Miles from Conferance. My appointment was on Bridgewater Circuit.

Next day, I went home to Windsor to see my Father & Mother. I staid there but one day and preached one lector Thursday. I went back to Canaan Friday 20th I went to Br [*illegible*]. New Chester held a Class meeting. He gave me the Plan of Bridgewater Circuit and on Saturday I got onto my Circuit. June 22d I preached at Bridgewater Mountain on Mark 16 Chapter 20th verse to an attentive Congregation. There ware but few that remembered my looks. I had alterd so much since I was there three years before.

I went on round the Circuit Labouring and I was heavy Ladened. I did not find my Circuit as I expected. Br Butler had had the charge of it the year before and he had not been round it more than 3 or at lest 4 times and the other Preacher was young and his gifts ware inconsiderable by which reason the Circuit had got into a low state. There ware many of what is Cald Freewillers and they began to tell how the Monthly meetings ware about to be deliverd — that is how the Methodist ware all a going to become Freewillers.

I preached 10 times the first time that I went round. I had no persecution except one Freewill professer swore that he would lick me if I came that way again. The next time I came round I went in to see him: but he was not at home. I praid with his Family, and for him which was the last I heard of him. July 6 I preached at the Mountain again, took one in to society. I found that the Assembley was larger then when I was there before. Many weaping eyes while I spoke on Revelation 3d-20th & after noon 3d-21st. Monday I felt waid down under the work I was in. I rode to Plymouth gave out Corinthans Ch-2-11 ver. We had a shout and an old Baptist joind the Society. This is a good Methodist home. Tuesday 8 I went to Compton boggs, had a good time speaking on the 2d of Corinthians 6 —. Some seemed tender. Wendsday I went to Thornton, gave out 1 verse of Theselonians 5-17, Pray with out ceasing. We had a good time, one soul got convicted and never found peace till converted. This town has a Settled minister in it by the Name of Worster, therefore the Town is in a querrell.

As I was coming out of Town there was an old laday by the name

of Avery called to me and said that the Freewill Baptist Preacher by the name of Blake who lived in the neighbourhood told her that I had said that old Elder Randall (now he was the first starter of the Denomination called Freewillers) was a Father of a grate many Bastards. I told that it was a mistake or a willful lie. I inquired for his Hous. When I came there he was in the field at work. His wife called him. When he came in I asked him if he was a friend to the Methodist? He said that he had alwais been a friend to them. Then, said I, how could you go and tell that story a bout me? Said he, I have told nothing but the truth. He began to be displeased. I have not said that you told anything but truth. No, said he, but you seem to intimate as though you believed that I had told falshoods; indeed, I do believe that you have, said I, but that does not proove it. Now, said I, admiting it was true, was it brotherly in you to go to reporting it hear till you had seen me? However, he thought he had don right or at least said so. He allso said that he had shone himself friendly to the Methodists. I am the first that invited them in to the Town, said he. I told him that we read that the first should be last and the last should be first. And so it was with him, for it apeard that he was at war with the Congregationalist and concluded that if he got the Methodist their, it would help build up his party. He therefor invited B^r^ [*illegible*] into his own Hous to preach and others allso.

He soon found that the People ware fond of Methodist Preaching and liked them better then they did the Freewillers. This displeased him so that he would not come into meeting in his own hous when he could well avoid it. So according to the request of the Neighbours they Mooved the meeting. Soon after they formed a Class one or two of the Freewillers, withdrew from Mr Blake and joined Society by which time Mr Blake had became the Methodist Enemy. I found out he was unwilling to tell who told him that I said Elder Randal was a father to so many Bastards. I therefore told him that it was unlawful for one to defame another, therefore he must expect to suffer the consequence if he would not tell who his author was.

He therefore thought to stop difficulty, said it was Robert Crage of Bridgewater, so as I went round the C^t^ I found B^r^ Crage, but he roundly denide his ever saying anything to Mr Blake on the subject. He allso said that I never told him any such thing. The next time I went round my C^t^ I met Mr Blake in the Rhode. After inquireing after his wellfare I told him I had seen B^r^ Crage and he said that he never told you anything about my talking against Elder Rendal, for

I never talked a word against him in his presence. Mr Blake at this flew into a pashon and said that he dispised me. Said he, Mr Winch I dispise you, I dispise your conduct, I dispise your talk, said he, you are in anger and so you was when at my Hous. He then set out to take a piece of tabackco, but his hand hit first one side of his mouth and then the other on the account of its trembleing. Said I, if I was in anger when at your Hous, why did you ask me to pray? to which he made me but alitle answer. I left him went on to his Fathers about half a mile. I told his Mother how it was. She began as fallows (vz) Sir, you must not lay it all to Poor Isreal, for he did not have pancakes enough and Cider enough. I suppose that I am some to blaim altho I gave him all the pancakes and Cider I could git, O poor Isreal.

Thursday 10 I met a few people in the east part of Compton. Sabbath 13 I tried to Preach on Reverlation 3-20 and 3-21. Again some weaping eyes, some that shouted, several that spoke in the meeting with life and power. Monday 14 I went to Merideth and a better time I never had. My Soul had been prest down all the forenoon with a sence of the situation of the People in that place. There was no Methodist Society there, but there ware a few Freewillers, but there Minister had not long since been turned out for Adulatory and they ware like sheap not having a Shepard. There was allso one of the old fashoned Baptist Churches, and there Deacon by the name of Fox lived by where I Preached. He was there. All most all wept beside him. I concluded who he was befor I had don, for I had often heard how he had apposed the Methodist. When meeting was don I was puting on my Spurs, for I was to ride three Miles that Night. The Deacon spoke as he stood by the dore with his hat in his hand and said as follows (vz) I have no falt to find with this Man's Preaching. All I want is that he might be led into darkness. Said I, why Brother what do you want me in darkness for? So you may know how to pitty old profesors, said he. I asked him if his name was Fox. He said yes. True, said I, I thought it was you while I was Preaching. Now, said I, Deacon Fox if I follow the Lord he will lead me into lite: but if I follow the Devil he will lead me into darkness. Said he, unless you git into darkness, you never will git to Heaven and so he went out.

I turn'd and told the People I would preach on the subject when I came again in two weakes. When the time came, I gave out these words in John: Yet a little while is the light with you: walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. When I had discribed the

light and how to walk in it I then went on to discribe the darkness and the differance there was betwean darkness and trials and allso the dredful situation of them that walk in darkness. First they know not whare they ware going. 2d they ware not Children of the light becaus they would not walk in it. 3ly they ware liers if they said they had felaship with God, for John in his first Epistle 1 Chapter 6 Verse seth "if we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness we lye and do not the truth." I then Closed with Nathans words to David "thou art the Man". He went off silent.

Soon after this thare was a Baptist a going to preach at his Hous one fore noon at half past nine O.C. I went but the Man did not come till past 11 O.C. The Deacon felt unesay, supposeing I must Preach or there would be none at all. He not being willing to own his wrong caused him to feel imbarised about asking me to Preach. However, he at length asked me if I was willing to be Jack at a pinch. I told him it was according to what pinch it was he wanted me to be Jack at. It pleased some of the people as there ware many by. He then said that he wanted I should preach if the Minister did not come. I told him I was willing to try if all ware willing. What! said his wife, when you know that there is many that do not wish to hear you? That will make no ado, mam, said I, if they will stay, for when people do not love me I must be so much the more kind and loveing to them and so heap coles of fire on there heads. The Minister, however, came at length. His name was Osbon from Lee. He preached some grate truthes and some little ones and a few false truthes. After meeting we shook hands. I believed him a Christian so I told him of one false truth and then went on to my appointment south part of New Hampton whare I found a little few waiting. To whome I read "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy ladened and I will give you rest."

July 20 I had a Qarter Meeting at Compton Boggs. It being rainey, there ware but a few people on Saterday, on the Sabbath there ware a good many. I tried to Preach on Zekiel 33 Ch 11 verse, had some liberty. Elder Brodhead Preached in the afternoon with his usual warmth. One joind society and I believe much prejudis remooved. For many people ware set against Love feast and Class meetings being held close, and while I was keeping the door of Love feast, there came one and insulted me very much, and declared that if I went in, he would. He used some foul language, so that the bystanders ware full in the belief that he had ought to be shut out. The

time being out for the doars to be shut, I watched my opertunity and stept in. He jumpt against the doar and got hold of the string which I soon cut of with my pocket knife and so fastened the doar.

I had comfortable times for some dayes. Friday 25 I preached in Holderness on Isaiah 5 Ch - 3 and 4 verses. After Preaching I cald for a Class Meeting and there was one Sewell Woolcut, a member of Society, who had apposed B^{r} Bishop (who was on the C^{t} last year) and used him uncivil. I had talked with him and told him that satisfaction must be made to the Class for which caus he had never been to a Class meeting since I had been on the Circuit till this. He had also talked against Methodist Discipline and used his Wife unkind. He therefor knowing that I should bring the whole matter up in Class (as they ware all publick) chose to go off. I asked him to stay, but he said no not unless there was liberty for all. I then asked him if he expected to come in any more or to have his name continued on the Class Paper, but he gave me contrary and rough answers and took his Wife contrary to her will and went off. I therefor with the Class Expeld him from us. He therefore be came a bitter foe to me and tried to do me all the harm he could which was not grate for his wit was not equivelent.

The next Sabbath 27 I preached to a large Congregation at Ezra Hackets, New Hampton. I took my text in Mark 10. Ch-46-47-48 Verses and in the afternoon I took the 49 & 50 verses the two following. My Soul was wonderfully drawn out in hunting for blind Bartimeuses, and Glory be to God he gave me one an opened the eyes of one & many more cride out, "Jesus thou Son of David have mercy on me". O the Joy Preachers have when they see there preaching doing good to the souls of men. It is better then Wives or Children — yes better then all the riches of this world.

When I saw the [*illegible*] of the work of God. I was the most of the mind to git Married. And when I could see Soules comeing home to Jesus, I felt no notion of changeing my state of life. Monday 28 and the 29-30-31 I had quite a mixture, for my joys ware mixt with paines and temtation & my Distresses ware mixt with Joy. August Friday the first & Saturday the 2^{d} I had some more travil for Soules; it was alwayes sweat pain to me when pained for Soules. O Lord roll on more. I hastily believe there would be more Refformation if the Children of God would labour more for soules: Struggle more by faith and prayer.

Sabbath the 3 of August I preached at the Mountain in Bridge-

water. I had but a poor time in the forenoon, but in the after noon the Glory of God shone around. I preached till I could hardly speak. Monday 4 Glory to God this is a good day to my soul. I tried to preach at Plymouth on Psalmes 80-14. I then went to Compton boggs. And then to Thornton and hear old Mrs. Blake, Isreal Blakes Mother that said that Isreal did not have Pancakes & Cider enough came for word and joind the society. Soon I found it was supposed by some that the old Laday was a Witch. This worred me some for fear it would hurt the caus. I had heard that the Methodist would bewitch folks, but thought I if I have got a Witch bewitched I shall have bewitching work soon. So the next time I came round I thought I would put the old laday to her worst. So I rode up to the doar of a suden and said, Mamma Blake, be you a Witch? Wether she expected it or not I cannot tell, but she was no more surprised then, tho I had asked her how her folkes did: but she told me she was not that she knew of.

Hear I read Discipline and set up Class Meetings according there unto. This Class had been formed 6 or 8 Monts and there had never been one Class Meeting held in it that could properly be cald a Class Meeting. How Preachers can git along so and feel a clear Conscience I know not. For my part I feel as much in duty bound to hold Class meeting according to Discipline in a Young Class as I do to meet the Class when it is young, for it is an old Proverb and I think a good and true one, As the twig is bent the tree inclines.

Next day I went to Compton. After Preaching I was invited to a weding, but it was quite a sickish time to me, such work I never before saw. O that People ware willing to be as small as they realy are. How it looks to see People for the sake of being in the fashion go like the snale with all they have on there backs.

Next day which was September 19 I went to Holderness whare I heard that there was to be a Quarter Meeting in Sandage on B^r^ Fields Circuit. I concluded to go to it. Sabath 21 I preached in New Hampton. The prospect still grew briter. Hear I had written to the Freewillers Monthley meeting to let me have there Meeting House to hold Quarterly Meeting in as I had no hous conveniant: but they would not grant the Methodist so large a favour. So I appointed it at Ezerey Hackets. I that weak tried to preach at my appointments, had some good times, took a few in to Society. Sab 28 I preached at Bridgewater Schol Hous. The Lord was present in Power, I put up at Sister Cheevers. She is one worthy Woman.

Monday 29 I had a very sollum time while rideing to Plymouth thinking of my own nothingness and insurfitiancy for so larg a work. I had now been on the Circuit 4 Monts, had seen a few converted. I was quite unwell. I could not keep my food down for which caus I had sometimes Preached three times a day and Meet a Class and ride some Miles with an emty Stomach which I found was a wareing me down quite fast. This day I tried to preach at old Br Blodget on this text Exodus 3 Ch- 2 V, "And the Angel of the Lord appeard unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

It was a comfortable time for the Saints of God ware comforted.

That night Br Blodgets Daughter that Marred a Blancher went home, but was by him shut out of her hous. He was an hard drinking worthliss Man. He had shut her out a number of times before becaus she staid at Class meetings. She had left being in Class meetings on that acount once, but found he was jest as bad she, therefore deturmind to go and serve God let him do as he would. This night being shut out of her hous, she returned to her Fathers whare I was. She with the rest asked my advise, but I said but alittle. She concluded never to go back unless he came for her himself for wich I was glad.

After Prayers I went to bed in the Preachers Chamber and about ten O.C. I heard some one hallow at the Doar and said is my wife hear? At which I went to the Windo, saw it was Mr Blancher. Br Blodget talk plain to him for his conduct and said you abuse my Daughter. She has tried [*illegible*] to live with you till she has got discouraged. Damit, said he, I will venter my house she is in bed with Winch now up Chamber. At wich Mr Blodget bid him begone from his House. However, it so turminated that she went home with him after he prommised to do better, but he quit his family and town in a few dayes went and repeatted a scanderles story about me. O may the Lord have mercy on him and give him repentance.

Next day which was the last day of the Month I preached at Compton boggs, Baptised one or two, and set out to go to Holderness, but was so sick that I could not, so I staid at Br Adamis. Next day October the 1 I went to Sandage. By twelve I got to Br Cocks whare I found an Ascembley with a number of Preachers and Br Banister was a preaching. In the afternoon there ware so many People that we went in to the Woods whare I tride to preach on St. John Ch 4- V 13-14. Who soever Drinketh of this water &.c. After I had don, I supose I took a cold by seting in the Woods. I slept but a

little that night. Next day I tride to preach in the Meeting Hous to a large Ascembley on the last verse of the 4th Chaptur of the Song of Solomon. Awake, O north wind and come thou south wind: blow up on my Garden &.c. I had one of my best times in preaching.

That night I was convinced that I was about to be sick. I strove against it but all in vane. I told the preachers of it but they would not think it was much but the Hypochondriac. I tried to git one of them to go and fill my appointment, Br Durgin in Holderness, but they would not. So with grate difficulty I got there. I could but jest git into the Hous. I flung myself onto the bed. Sister Durgin came in to see me. I told her I was sick at which she cald Br D—n. He came and said I was sick. He went for the Doctor. He got there in the evening and said I had the Bilious feaver. I was hear confind and under the Doctors hand 19 dayes. It was an ill convenient place to be sick at yet I never saw kinder folks in my life then Br Durgin & his Wife ware. They ware at expence on my acount but asked me nothing. O may kind Heaven favour them, Grate God give them all kneedful blessing. Unice Roges, one of our sisters, came and waited apon me two weakes; neither would she take anything of me for it. Altho she was but of my age she acted like a Mother to me. I trust I shall never forgit her kindness.

When I got better I was advised to ride for my helth by the Doctor: and on Wendsday October 22 I went to Br Prescats in the east part of the Town to one of Br Fields meeting. Hear I met Br B. Bishop & his Wife. O how sweat it is to meet with God Children. I felt as though I could hardly keep from trying to preach when at the same time I was not able to stay in meeting to hear a Sermon. They had a Class meeting in which they had some trials with a man that had afended. I tried to speak a few words but had like to have fallen to the floor through weakness.

Next day thursday 23 I parted with brother field and went to New Hampton to Br Shaws whare I was taken good care of. Hear I was waid down with trials to think I was no more reconciled in my sickness, for whil I was sick I could not have the thought of Dying, yet I did not feel perticularley afraid of Hell, but I wanted to have a few things different before I left the world. I was tride with myself becaus I was no more thankful for the helth the Lord restord me to. I praid the Lord that if what I had recieved would not make me humble that he would send mor. Sabbath 26 I went to old Mother Hackets. They ware glad to see me, and I was glad to see them.

Hear I had a long talk with a Freewill Elder to but very little purpos. I heard about the Quarter Meeting that I was not able to atend. I heard there was two joined Society.

Tuesday 28 I went to see Doctor [*illegible*] of that town. He let me have some Bitters. That night I went to B^r^ Lads. Our Soules ware refreshed while we praid with and for each other. Next day being cold I felt amost afrade to ride. However I went to Sister Cheves in Chester; an own Mother could not recieved me more tenderly then she did. We tride to praise the Lord for his grate kindness to unworthey me. Thursday the 30 it Snowed alittle so that I thought best not to ride and hearing that there was a Congregationalist Conferance nearby I went to that, but the morsal we had that day was very dry you may depend.

Next day 31 I set of for to go to Windsor, Vermont, to see my parents, for they had heard that I was Sick. I expected to be back in three weak so I made an appointment. That day I went to Capt Hoits in Grafton but I began to grow worse. Sat. November the 1 I went to Canaan to B^r^ Curriers and on my way I got so weak that I had to stop. I went in at a Hous and asked if I might set by there fire and warm for, said I, I am sick. At wich the old laday of the Hous bid her girl set me a Chare and then to put on the tea cittle, for, said she, he must have a cup of tea. I told her I was not worth a cup of tea, yet she got it for me and did the best she could for me. O Lord reward her a thousand fold. I afterwords heard there names ware Smith.

Next day there was a meeting at B^r^ C whare I was. The peopl worred me excedingly for I could not keep them out of the roome that I was in all though I talked till they thought I was [*illegible*] and some thought I was Crazzey. I could keep nothing down that I swallowed excep water Grewel. Monday the 3^d^ I went with the advice of my Friends to B^r^ Davesus. I grew weaker and weaker till I could not go out of my Room nor eat anything. I had a dredful Cough as ever I knew any person have in my life. I at length thought it best to have a Doctor. He came and said I was in a bad situation, for said he you have never got red of your first sickness. That I believed for I had never had an apertite to eat. He said that he could do me no good unles I would follow his direction in full & mind him, for, said he, your disorder has lane on you so long and you are reduced so low that it will be a chance if you git well again. So he gave me three portions of Mercury. I felt unwilling to take it as I had

never taken any and had heard so much about it. Yet I took one portion from the Doctors hand. He told me that it would not make me puke nor yet Physic me, but he had not been gone two hours befor it began to make me puk and then it physic'd me, so that they dare not give me the other portion till the Doctor came. He then said that it was well that I took no more of it.

I now lived 5 or 6 dayes on Mercury but took smaller doses at a time. I was so sick that my life was not expected by the peopl nor my self. I had sweat resignation in my mind to the dealing of God with me. I but a little expected to go out of that Room till I was carred out by my friends, a lifeless corps. I tried to examin myself respecting the Doctrins that I had preached. I found they ware good to live with and I thought I was willing to die with them. I felt none condemned for my doctrins but morned that I had not preached Christian Profection more and plainer. I prommised God that if he let me live I would be more faithful to preach that Doctrine then ever I had been. I had been sick so long that I had become quite childish and had had my tung confind so long that it would some times git a going in a manner that it ought not to. O My tung my tung how many tears thou has cost my eyes, how many grones though hast cost my heart; when will though lern to order thy speack aright.

If I had been at my own Fathers Hous, I could not been taken care of more willingly then what I was at Br Davesis. I was there 5 weaks. They never grew impatient at all as I precieved. I never shall be abl to reward them. Lord do thou reward them in this World ten thousand fold and in the World to come give them Eturnal life. Time will not erace there favours from my mind — Dureing my sickness I was visited by many of the Preachers. Br Bradhead came almost every other day which was like a medison to both Soul and Body. O Lord visit him. I was visited by the Mesers D. Perry. N. Fox. C— Dustin. J— Baker. L Baker. A. Kent. T— Skeel. &c. all which did me good. O Lord bless them. I began to git an idear how Glorious it would be if I should gain Heaven to see those with whome I have preached acomeing home to Glory; from over yonders Mountain will some come, and from yonders Valley will come some more. O what sweat times I had while I contemplated on such things.

At length I began to git better, but as soon as I got so as to set up I was afflicted with Boiles. I had 14 Boiles at once, 5 of which ware as large as any 5 I ever saw. After I got better of them I began to ride out alittle. The more I stured, the better I grew till at length I

went as far as Dorchester, but was not well enough to go to my Parents at Windsor Bridge. December 31 I went to Dorchester again and found that Br Parker was agoing to Pembrook about 50 or 60 miles. Being advised to go for my helth, I tharefore left my hors and went with him in the slay. We got to S— Cockrins in Pembrook by Saterday night. Next day I tried to Preach a New Years Sermon, had a sweat time with the people of God, next night I preached to a large weak day Ascembley on the Subject of Prayer. On Tuesday we set out back. It rained very hard. I expected it would make me sick. However we came to Lovels tavern in Chester and next Morning we came to Bridgewater to a Quarter Meeting that was to be held on Wendsday and thursday. I did not go on Wendsday through fear I should not stand it all day on Thursday.

On Thursday Morning I went to love feast at Mr Worthins after which Br Bradhead preached a warm sermon atended with power. At sacrement we had a loving time. O how good it was to my Soul to meet with my friend again in the worship of my Master. At the close of love feast we had a weaping time while we shed tears of joy whil we thought how good the Lord had been to unworthy me. That night I was with the preachers at Mager Sanburns in New Chester. Next day January 9th we went to Dorchester Sabbath 11. I tried to preach one sermon at Br. Martins in that Town. I then went to Canaan and visited the friends alittle. On thursday January 15 I was at a love feast at Br Curriers in Canaan; in the evening I tride to preach on these word "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious".

Friday 16 Br Bradhead and I went to Barnard Vermont to a Quarter Meeting. I found it sweat meeting with my old friend on Barnard Circuit. Saturday 17 Quarter Meeting began at Br Nutons on the Crick Br Fox Preached, myself with one or to more exhorted it was a shouting time. Sunday Morning we had more friends to love feast then the House would hold, but the Lord met with those out doars as well as those in the Hous. It was aquickning time to the dear People of God I was hapy in God. After Love-feast there ware so many People that the Presideing Elder thought it best to divide the Congregation. So I preached at a nabouring house. We had the Sacrament administered at both plases and the Master of the Feast was there in Power. Br Dan Pery Br Wicker, and Br Sternes, ware on the Circuit as it took Six weaks to go round it. They ware all well ingaged in the work of God.

Monday 19th we had a meeting appointed to see if the Brothren would agree to Build a Meeting House. They had met before and ware willing to build an Hous but could not a gree whare to set it. At this meeting they had the same difficulty. They first chose Br Bradhead to moderate the meeting, then preceaded to be united about the place, but the more they tride to git together the farther they ware apart. The meeting began in the forenoon and lasted till Br B—d got discouraged and went and set down by the fire and said if he had heard a person say that the Methodists ware willing to build a Meeting Hous but could not a gree whare to set it in Barnard, he should believed that he lied. This started them a little. They began to think on both sides that the Fat was all in the fire. They therefore wished me to draw them a Subscription paper. So I drew them one according to my own mind & by next day at 10 O.C. I understood they had 4 or 5 Hundred Dollars subscribed to it.

Wendsday 21 Br B—d preached at the Methodist Meeting Hous in Woodstock. I had been gone from hear 3 or 4 years. I was truly glad to see my Brethren whare I first join'd Society. He preached again in the evening. The people shouted so that it broke him off for awhile. I was glad to find that there were so many Methodists as there was in Woodstock, for Mr E. Smith had published in his Magazine that amost all the Methodist in Woodstock had left them and join his Church or the Christian Church, but that I found to be a lie, for there did but 5 or 6 leve in all and apart of them had joind again.

On Saterday 29 Quarter meeting began in Springfield New Meeting Hous on Wethersfield Circuit, it being a cold day which was a damage to our meeting. My being weak on the acount of my sickness prevented my preaching so much as I should have don. Br B—d preached a Dedication Sermon to the Meeting Hous. Sabbath 25 we had a solum time. From hear I went to Athens whare I traveled the first year that I was in the connection. Br B—d preach anumber of times on the way. We met Br Dan Young on Tuesday as he was on that Circuit. Thursday 29 we went to Brother Richmonds. I was hapy. 30 days we studed.

I was exceedingly tride, for I had heard of a certain circumstance from Landoff Circuit in the Town of Coventry. It came in a letter to Br B—d, but it was not sealed. It was ritten by Br Trent the circumstance was that of a afair with O— Estman and his Wife. I supposed it was setled as I observed in my jurnal for Last Year. However they had raked it open again to Br Trent and had got as much again more

as I feard would be the case. I made the best I could of it. I had the rieting that they Signed. I deturmind to go and see them when convenient. Next day it rained we had but few people to meeting. Next day Sunday Febuary 1st it was a very stormey day. We had a few people out. Br B—d Preached on perfection. It was a melting time. That night we came back to Springfield, got almost beet out. Staid at Br Clemonds.

Monday the 2d I went to my Parents in Windsor. We rejoiced that the Lord had given us one more opertunity of seeing each other. I believe they had some Religeon. Next day I went to Canaan again. Next day I went to Sister Cheeves in New Chester Bridgewater Ct. whare I was taken sick. I was unhapy in mind all this while becaus of the usage I met with from Coventry. I knew I had been imprewdant, but I thought that there conduct was calculated to make the Preachers feel tride with me when there was no kneed of it. Next day Thursday the 5th I went to see Sister Lad in New Hampton and thanked her for her kindness. For she had sent me apiece of [*illegible*] when I was Sick at Canaan. We praid together and parted in tears. I went to see my Doctor. He gave me areciet in full without my paying him a Cent. It surprised me as he was a man of no religeon, neither did he go to meeting. I gave him two Dollars, thanked him, praid with him & went to old Br Hackets at the uper end of the Town.

Next day I went to Br Durgins whare I was sick. I began by this time to rise above my trials in some measure. They appeard to be glad to see me and I was no less glad to see them. Hear I met with Br Fox he informed me that the situation of the Circuit was not so favourable a situation as I expected. On Saturday I went to Compton boggs, had to git off my Horse, and beet down the snow so that my Horse could git along. I got thare. The sun was an hour hye. They gave out word. Next day I tride to preach to a little few on these words "My Soul wait thou only upon the Lord for my expectation is from him." Monday 9th I could not ride becaus of the Drifts of snow.

Next day Febuary 10 my mind was tride to know what was my duty respecting my changeing my situation in life. I had thought sometimes that I never would change my state, but at other times I had thought that it would serve best to godliness for me to marry. I had concluded to Marry a Sister in Wentworth if I married at all. So that my trial was not who to Marry but when to Marry. For Previous to my saying a word to her on the subject I had asked Br Bradhead about it and took his advice, that was if I thought it my duty to

marry, he thought it would do well enough. Br Bates said the same at the same time. So I had proposed the matter to her by Letter and I talked with her one hour next day after the Exercution of Burnam. I had since ritten to her two or three times and she also to me which letters I may put in hearafter. This day I rode to Wintworth put up at Br Mervil Pilsbures. At night I went to Br Peter Stevensis — Next day I wen to Mr Lemuel Kezer's were Anna Kezer lived, the person of my choice. I had made the matter a matter of Solumn Prayer befor God. I this day had a talk with her. We mutely gave our Selves to God and to one another as we thought by the will of God.

That night I meet with Br Perry, a local Preacher, who traveled on that Ct (vz) Landoff Ct. Next day he and I went to Brother E— Clarkes in Landoff. On the way I called at Br Ettmans in Coventry but said nothing about our Dificulty. I cleand his Clock and went on to Landoff. Saterday 14 it raind excedingly. I went to Quarter Meeting at the Meeting Hous. O how grate my joy to meet in the hous that I had taken so much paines to git built. And O how hapy my Soul was to meet with my Brothers on that Circuit whare I labourd so long. On the sabbath I tride to Preach on the 29 & 17-18 of Isaiah. Monday 16 I went with 4 Preachers to the Widdow Youns. It alwayes was the joy of my soul to meet in Conferance visits with the preachers. I had a hapy time. Next day my mind was much exercised about going to the Ohio as I found many of my Friends ware gone there and many more ware a going.

This day I rode to Coventry. Wendsday 18 it snowed rained and the Wind blew at such a rate as I never knew before. I kep hous that day that night I tried to preach on the words [*illegible*] After meeting Br Kent and I went over to Obediah Eastman to settle there minds about me. I read the righting they Signed to them, but they could not tell of anything that was altered. Now they had hinted that I had alterd it an droughed another, and Signed there names to it, but when I came to talk with them they gave it up; so the Letter they Signed stands faire for to show what the talk was which is as it is. I see nothing in it, but I had hinted that she urged me to talk which was wrong. We both talk free and had she been a prudent woman she would held her tongue before she woud gone and told of it and so made so much difficulty for herself and me. I was the most to blaim for talking with such a woman or any other for women are talking creatures.

Thursday 19 I went to Warren, had a good time. On Friday I

went again to Mr Kezers in Wintworth and spent a few hours in talk with Anna after which I went to Br Stevensis and Preached on John 4-13-14, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again &.C. Saterday 21 I rode to Canaan, again put up at Capt. Welsis. Sabbath 22 Br Baker and his wife came there. He preached in the forenoon. I tried in the afternoon to Preach on Proverbs 12 and 26, "The righteous is more excellent then his neighbour" which words ware rendered a blessing to a few Soules. In Class meeting I presieved that Br Baker was in trials after which he and I had a Conferance. I found him in grate trials. O how willing I felt to take a part of them if it had been possible. I tride to incurage him. I never felt a Br lay hevear on my mind in my life then he did. After that He told me that he wished to see me once a weak, for, said he, I believe it would help my mind to bare up under them. Monday 23d I went to Br B—ds and carred a letter sertifying that the matter was setled betwean me and Eastman & Wife in Coventry. I chopt him a little wood, went with him to Br Arvens, about 3 Miles. Hear I was waide and found I had gaind as much or more than I lost in my Sickness. I was worred about two weaks after I began to gain and waid 147. A few days after I was waid again and waid as many pounds more as it had been dayes. I now waid 180. This was as good a visit as ever I had at Br B—ds, but his wife was under grate trials being prejudist against her self.

Next day I visited Br Davis and his Wife, for I never can forgit them for they seem like my own Parents. They ware glad to see me and bid me welcom to there House any time by night or day. This day I went to Hanover to Mr. Baldens. He was formerly a Member of Methodist Society but was turnd out for foley. I staid there on the plain that night. I now Set out for Wethersfield Circuit. For I concluded that I was now able to travil again on a Circuit, and Br Skeel was unwell and haveing business as he surposed at home, I went and took the Circuit. March Sunday 1st I preached at Woodstock on Proverbs 12-26 Meet Br Peck a local preacher that traveled with Br S—l. He gave me a plan of the Circuit which was to be gin at Windsor Monday Tuesday Wendsday. I staid at Br Elisha Ransomes and wrote I meet Br John Ransom Class on Monday night and Wendsday night the Brothren began to take curage. Thursday I went to Windsor to Silas Banister's Warren Banisters Fathers. Friday I spent the day in righting, was quite temted of the Devil. O Lor when shall I be clean: when shall I so govern my tongue that it will not wound

my Soul nor harm thy bleeding Caus help Lord that if I cannot tame it that I may confine it that it may do no harm from this time.

March the 7 I arose erly this morning and am hapy in God. The Sky is serean the Sun is clear. I am led to vew the wonders of God in Creation & Presevations. This day I felt new reselution to be more for God. I now have taken charge of this Circuit, but how unfit I am for the work. The Circuit is in a bad situation. O Lor help me to keep Discipline. This Night I had a sweat time in Family examination, March 8, it is plesent this Morning. With Soul and Body I preached at the School House by Br Wilsons in W. Windsor on Acts Ch 13 & 26 ver & after noon on Isaiah Ch 5-3-4 Ver. It was a heart serching time. We had a Class meeting. I examined into the union of the Class. That night Elder Higbe Preached at the same place. He was an old Baptist but he did very well that night.

March 9 I feel some unwell in body but comfortable in Soul. I am at Br Wilsons. I talked with all my powers to stop them from talking against there Brothren & to perswaid them to go and do there duty. This afternoon I fell into the condemnation of the Devil by unwatchfulness. This evening I heard a man by the name of Rowell at the same S. House. He said that he preached, but I did not think so. He told us we could not do & aught not to do anything. He then told us we must do &.c. I apposed him. He showed som anger. March 10 it stormed out doars but I felt my Soul resolved to serve God more faithfuly. I set out to go to Reding. On my way I met the Man I apposed. We had some talk in the Rhode.

* * * * *

Among the fading diaries is an item in Mr. Winch's hand which reads:

> A laconic account of the life of Joel the son of Jason and Abigail Winch
>
> Joel Winch was born in Roxbury Massachusetts December the 17th. He was sick with the Rickets 30 months. The first word he ever spoke was when he was 3 years old. He was sick three months in his sixth year with the cankerwash. In his 8th year he was sick with the chickenpox. He was convicted for sin at 11 years old and experienced religeon in his 13th year. He backslid at 14 and was reclaimed at 16. He joined the Congregational Church in Hartland when he was 17 and at 19 he found that there doctrine was not Scriptural nor many of their lives holy. He therefore left them and joined the Methodists in

Woodstock, Vermont, May the 11th, 1802. In July and August he was sick with the measals.

He joined the Methodist traviling connection at Ashgrove, New York, July the 5th, 1803. He was apprenticed on Athens Ct that year. The next year on Lunenburgh Ct on which he received 101 members and turned out 65. The next year he traveled Landaff Ct turned out 59 and received 57. The next year he was appointed on Bridgewater Ct where he was taken sick the first of October in Holderness at G. Durgey's in Hampshire. When the feaver had abated and he had gained some strength he set out to visit his parents in Windsor, Vermont — got as far as Canaan and was taken down with the lung fever at Br. Davis's — was sick three months. He spent the rest of the year on Wethersfield Ct.

He attended the yearly conferance at Boston in 1807 and received Elder's orders and was appointed on Portland Station where he stayed two years in which time he was married to Anna, the daughter of Lemuel Kezer. 1809 he went to conference at Readfield and was appointed on Falmouth Ct. His sone Joel was born on Monday in Portland the 19th of June, 1809, while he was at conferance. 1810 he was sent to New London Ct. 1811 was appointed on [*illegible*] where he presided 3 years. His son Enoch was born on Thursday the 9th of January 1812 in Montwill in Connecticut. His daughter Anna was born in the same place Wednesday the 25th of May 1814. He was that year appointed on the [*illegible*] Ct. He attended the yearly conferance at Unity, N. Hampshire, where he located and moved to Northfield in Vermont County of Washington. His sone Elijah was born the 25th of September 1816 in Northfield. His sone Isaac was born the 21st day of March 1819 and died the 18th of April the same year. The same year his new house was raised and finished outside and most of the lower roomes. He moved into his new house November in the year of 1819. His son Benjamin Porter was born May 27th 1820 at 6 O.C. in the morning it being Saturday.

At this point we must take leave of our circuit rider. The later years in his diary record a growing weariness and illness although there is no evidence of a lack of courage or weakening faith in his mission. After settling in Northfield he preached very little, turning his attention to making and repairing boots, farming, laying out roads, and coopering. He was evidently a respected citizen.

Perhaps a few final notations from the diaries will be useful in clarifying certain angles of Mr. Winch's career. In 1808 he writes: "I preached in the evening with pain of body but joy of heart . . . It has become a proverb among the members of the Society that when Br. Winch complains of being sick he preaches the best. One told me that she wished I would be sick on that account." Another item: "I

visited 22 families I believe. I tried some talking at them about their ornaments such as laces, ruffles, ear and finger rings." Sleeping in church is an ancient rite, and he had to contend with it — "Many complain of being sleepy at meeting and accordingly on Friday evening I preached a sermon on the subject from this text (viz) the Spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak."

Another echo of an ancient attitude appears in a protest against criticism of his marriage: "O Lord, keep them from talking about it to their own harm. For some reason or other the people in New England are mighty fond of having much to say and do with Methodist preachers giting married as though it was some of there business — indeed I should think it was of there business if they were willing to pay the preacher their quarterly; but I find that them that have the most to say about it and pretend to be the most contience [*sic*] minded are in general the most covetious and contracted soules I find among the people. O how cruel, how unlike to a Christian Sperit is that! Is it not enough for us to leave Father and Mother and Brothers and Sisters while they enjoy themselves? Is it not enough that we forego all the pleasures of a domestic life and not only so but labour harder than men in general and yet git but our own living and that a poor one! We sleep in log huts and sometimes in barns and at other times cannot sleep at all for bed buggs and flees."

He visited Portland in 1834 in which "station" he had perhaps been most successful, and he writes: "Put up at Br. Lemuel Goodings, saw old Sister Horner, and they were all I could find of the Old Methodists I knew when I left there 24 years ago. We talked and praid all the time we had. I went to see my old Meeting house that I beged so hard for when I was there. It revived memories of old times when I laid the first stone in the foundation with my own hands."

The log huts where the preacher may or may not have slept vanished long ago, and some of the mountain communities in Vermont in which he preached and was "given liberty" are mere remnants of what they once were. To reason, of course, that his influence has vanished also is to reason in a shallow way. The early preachers by example and precept wove a strong courageous strain into the fibres of Vermont character, and it survives not only in Vermonters but in their traditions and institutions — an abiding sense of the worthiness of man, firm concepts of just and true living, hatred of injustice, and a deeper sense of an infinite God. Coolidge summed up the values in his reference to his people as "doing little tasks in the light of great

principles." So we can say of our circuit rider as we bid him farewell: "My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder."

FOUR PRIZE ESSAYS

Daniel Webster in Vermont. I

By Agnes Fitch
Student, Wilmington High School

For fourteen years the Vermont Historical Society has sponsored an essay contest, open to boys and girls in the secondary schools of the state, on several phases of Vermont history. The contest is maintained by the Edmunds Memorial Prize Essay Fund, established by Mary Mayhew Edmunds in memory of her father, Senator George Franklin Edmunds. A former president of the Society, John Spargo, and the late Walter H. Crockett, state historian, were instrumental in initiating the contest and placing it upon a firm basis. Annually, with the fine coöperation of principals, teachers, and students of the state, essays are submitted from schools in all sections of Vermont. A number of our readers have suggested that they would like to see a few samples of what our young Vermonters can do in writing such an essay; so we submit, first, the essay winning the state honor prize of $100 in this year's contest. No editorial changes have been made. Further comment will be found in the Postscript. Editor.

TODAY, a small stone marker stands alone on the side of Stratton Mountain. It is hidden from view by a fringe of trees which border a small clearing. This clearing may be entered from the north side of the "Kelley-Stand" road leading from Wardsboro to Arlington, Vermont. For miles around there are no inhabitants, and this narrow, winding road which passes the southern border of the clearing brings only a few visitors during the year.

The spot is high in the Green Mountains — a small valley nestled among the swaying birches and graceful pines. Trees cover the slopes which surround the opening. Only the call of woodland birds and the soft whisperings of the wind in the trees break the silence of this deserted amphitheatre. But this place is not like the ruins of the Roman Colosseum, for time makes it more beautiful and more substantial. Like a majestic piece of architecture, this amphitheatre stands hidden in the Green Mountains. The ages will not mar its beauty nor crum-

ble its walls. As long as the lofty mountains of Vermont rise toward the sky, this place will remain secure.

In the midst of the amphitheatre, the small marker bravely springs from the rich New England soil and revels in the rare beauty which nature gives only to a lonesome Vermont hillside. The trees, the rocks, the brown dirt, all are symbolic of the strong-hearted, sturdy farmers who met at this spot over one hundred years ago, to hear one of the world's greatest orators, Daniel Webster. Over miles of narrow, dusty roads, in rude carts or on horseback, these people came. More than fifteen thousand traveled there defying great obstacles that rose in their paths. Their motives were different. Some came for the sole purpose of meeting people and having a good time; others, to hear the great orator, Daniel Webster. Still others came because they were interested in the campaign and were eager to hear more about it.

Let us look back to that time. The date was July 7, 1840. The spot was different then, because nature had not worked upon it so long. However the same beauty was there: the trees, the blue sky, the clear, crisp breeze. The clearing was then pasture land, about five miles in diameter. Low bushes and young trees dotted the hill-sides. Yet in that early morning, there was still something else that differed from the scene today. Everywhere there was the lively bustle of people working happily together, the ring of the hammer, the rhythmic hum of sawing wood. All over the clearing small booths, tents and platforms were being erected. This excitement was in preparation for the convention which was to take place there and for the arrival of Daniel Webster, who was going to give a political speech on the issues of the campaign. The people of this section were in favor of Harrison, the Whig candidate for presidency. Since Harrison wished to be known for his common, stalwart principles, the log cabin had become the symbol of the Whig party. For this reason, a log cabin, about one hundred feet long, had been erected on the grounds.

In the fields and forests near-by, small groups of tents were springing up, and from some of them the fragrance of a hearty New England breakfast came drifting through the clear Vermont air.

All the time there was the rumbling of the caravans of wagons and carriages arriving from distant towns, such as Rockingham, Chester, Cambridgeport, and several from out of the state. In the distance, the snake-like procession moved slowly along the deep-rutted trail. Wagons and carts moved slowly while chaises bounced merrily along. Banners of all colors were waving, and the horses were keeping time

to the rhythm of the bands. Everyone was shouting, glad to have finally arrived at this destination after a long and dusty trip.

With the arrival of each new delegation, more work was begun. New camps were set up, and the air was filled with the chatter of old friends who had met again. Soon the grounds were crowded, but still the endless procession came pouring into the clearing.

A little after one o'clock, the delegation from Brattleboro arrived amid the flourishing of banners and the playing of bands. The first of the procession was a barouche drawn by four black horses and carrying the guest speaker, Daniel Webster. He was accompanied by about one hundred representatives of the Young Men's Whig Association of Brattleboro. On their bright banner was the daring command: "Make way for the Green Mountain Boys!"

Second in line was an omnibus carrying the band. Several other carriages and carts followed. Eager faces peered from the windows to view the great spectacle before them.

When the first carriage stopped, everyone crowded around it to watch Mr. Webster descend. He stepped down and looked around him with a quiet happy smile brightening his dark face, nodding as the crowd cheered him. Then, as a true lover of nature, he lifted his eyes from the crowd and surveyed the breath-taking scene before him. The hills were covered with their lacy summer finery, and a cool breeze was whispering through the trees. As he gazed at the beauty of nature, the people became hushed, and when at last he lowered his eyes to them, his dark heavy features, his "beetling brows," everything about him, thanked the people for coming. He could well appreciate the assembling of this large number of people in such a sparsely settled district, for he himself had been traveling since three o'clock that morning over typical Vermont roads. He was grateful to these people who had such a warm welcome for him.

The convention was organized immediately by choosing Doctor Ramsey of Townshend as chairman. Hiland Hall, who was running for representative to Congress, was the first speaker and was followed by Daniel Webster.

Mr. Webster ascended the steps to the platform and smiled down on the multitude of people, who were eagerly straining their ears for the voice of this renowned orator. When he started to speak, it was not a hoarse, shouting voice but gentle, calm, and sweet. Through the clear air of the mountains, his voice rang out, heard even by those on the outer edge of the crowd of over fifteen thousand. He opened the

speech with the words, "Fellow Citizens, I have come to meet you among the clouds." The rest of his speech was never recorded, but for nearly two hours he spoke of liberty and union and the issues of the campaign. The speech has been described as "a calm yet highly impressive statement of our national affairs." The farmer, the merchant, the laborer, everyone listened with the same intense feeling, and when Mr. Webster finished, he was met with a burst of applause. Thus Daniel Webster was thanked by a group of people whom he loved. They were his type: farmers, lovers of a simple, hardy, country life. He was one of them.

After the meeting came to a close, everyone was happy, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. Never before had such an immense gathering been known in this part of Vermont.

Some of the delegations that had arrived late began to set up their camps with the help of those who were already settled. Everywhere these simple country people were enjoying themselves at work and at play.

As the sun sank down behind the lofty Green Mountains, songs and cheers filled the air. Small ribbons of smoke rose from the midst of the camps and soon everyone was busy cooking their evening meal over an open fire.

Soon after eight o'clock, night had fallen over this lively little valley, but suddenly it was bright with the bursting of many fireworks. From all sides came the sound of thousands of happy voices singing old favorite melodies and cheering for the men whom they upheld for the coming election.

Mr. Webster mingled with the crowd, telling small groups of interested listeners what was being said and done in other parts of the country. Finally, accompanied by two other men, he drove to one of the nearest farms to spend the night. Although he was a true sportsman and would not have objected to spending a night with only the stars as a roof over his head, he had traveled thirty-five long and tedious miles that morning and had as far to go the next day to reach Bellows Falls.

Soon the singing slowly died away and fifteen thousand tired heads lay down to rest. Thus ended one of Vermont's long-remembered days.

Today the side of Stratton Mountain is quiet and peaceful. Only the stone marker stands there to tell the story to future generations.

To tell the story of an enthusiastic and courageous group of people who surmounted tremendous odds to reach that remote spot.

Today, the journeys made by most delegations of this type can be made in less than an hour in place of the ten and twelve hours it took delegates in Daniel Webster's time. Rural Vermont roads are still dirt, but they are very much improved.

At the present time fifteen thousand people need not travel any distance at all to hear a world-famous orator. All that is necessary is to turn on their radios and hear him as well, or perhaps better than as if they were in the same room with the speaker. In 1840, fifteen thousand was almost the record for the number of people to hear an important speech. Today, the average number who hear the President speak is about forty-five million. The comparison in figures is striking, but when one considers the conditions of the present, it is not hard to understand. This astonishing number has been made possible by the improvements of transportation and communication which have come about during the last one hundred years. Yet, in the history of Vermont, the courage and perseverance of these, our noble ancestors, will shine forth as the pushing force which backs the scientific world of today. A scientific world which few of the people of 1840 could foresee but which those people, unconsciously, helped to make possible.

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Scrap-book belonging to Mrs. Maynard

Life in a Vermont Hill Village. II

By Ellen Beach
Student, Leland and Gray Seminary

This essay won second prize in the district which included Windham County. In selecting this essay, and the two that follow, for publication, we have been guided by the thought that the essays are interesting not only in subject matter but also suggest the different types of essays submitted in the contest. Many of the successful essays retrace familiar historical ground. No corrections have been made in the text. Editor.

THERE is an unusual small town tucked away in the heart of the Vermont hills that I'm sure will interest you as it does me. This is none other than the town of Weston.

Let's go back to the beginning of Weston. It began as a township (free from the boundaries of Andover) in 1799. The first town meeting was held in the Farrer-Mansur house in 1800. Yet as early as 1768 Shubael and Sarah Geer trekked to Weston from Enfield, Connecticut. So Weston worked its way up to a busy commercial town of eleven hundred people.

One of the oldest buildings in Weston today is the Farrer-Mansur house. It was built in 1797 for a tavern and "victualling house." The house was used for town and school meetings and also lodge meetings when the town hall was untenable because of a lack of heating facilities. It was owned by three generations of Mansurs. In 1932, it was given to the Community Club by Frank Mansur. Under the auspices of the club it has been restored and is now open to the public. This old inn contains early Vermont furniture, clothing, books, documents, fire-arms, tools, and utensils, but the real significance is that the very men and women who settled in the valley used these very things. And

many of their descendants are still living there today. As you go through the building you see everything just as it was in the 1700's from the taproom to the picturesque kitchen to the ballroom.

As you leave the Farrer-Mansur house you see on your left the Vermont Guild of Old Time Arts and Crafts. It was founded by fourteen Vermonters in 1936. Its motive was to preserve the best traditions of New England crafts and industries for display use. Tools, implements, apparatus, and machinery are now brought to light for the public to see. The Vermont Guild consists of a wood-working mill, the dam on the West River, the blacksmith shop, and complete equipment for a copper and tin smith's shop. There is an old-fashioned stone gristmill where Indian corn is ground by water power and is offered for sale. Eventually there will be in active operation many of the industries and crafts so that visitors may not only see how they were done, but also own some of the things produced. The museum will display many exhibits showing exactly the methods and tools our ancestors worked with, how the men made a living and the women worked at their domestic tasks.

If we move to the right of the Farrer-Mansur house there we will see the Weston Playhouse of which about everybody in Vermont has heard. The Playhouse was remodelled from an old church by Raymond Austin in 1935. The stage, second story dressing rooms, columned portico and interior were all new construction. The Weston Playhouse, called New England's most beautiful small theater, has since 1937 housed a summer theater and drama school sponsored by the Boston Conservatory of Music. Here for ten weeks in summer a professional company from New York, Boston, and Hollywood present a play every week featuring Broadway successes, revivals, classics, and original productions.

From the playhouse we walk around the tree-shaded park and just ahead of us is the red brick library. In 1908, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Parkhurst of Winchester, Massachusetts, became interested in this building. They purchased it and thoroughly renovated and modernized it for use as a library and an endowment of five thousand dollars was given for its upkeep.

Now let's turn to the religious side. Weston has two churches. Just a few buildings past the store and we come to the Methodist Church. The town hall on the first floor was built in 1816 as the parish Meeting and Town House. The year 1934 was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Methodist Church in America and the one

hundred and thirty-first anniversary of the organization of the first class of Methodists in Weston.

At the other end of town is the Church-on-the-Hill. It was originally the Baptist Church built in 1838. Later it was known as Grange Hall. It was restored by the Honorable Lewis Parkhurst and dedicated as a Community Church in 1938. What makes me more interested in this church is the fact that my father, Rev. G. E. Beach, was the first minister to preach there after it was restored in 1938.

Weston has many organizations of interest. October 2, 1874, Weston Grange No. 130 was organized with about thirty-five members. Soon after the Grange was organized a small Grange store was started in a building across the street but did not prove as profitable as had been expected and like most of the early Grange stores was discontinued. The members of this early Grange were widely scattered and after a time attendance at the meetings became less, so during the year 1877 the meetings were discontinued.

About one mile and a half above Weston village at the base of Mt. Peabody (altitude 2787 ft.) lies Wantastiquet Lake, once known as the reservoir. This lake now is the property of the private Wantastiquet Trout Club. It is fed by the "bubbling springs" — a natural phenomenon where ice cold water boils up through a white sand bottom.

Weston also has a woman's club. It was organized on December 11, 1923, "to create an interest in and co-operate for the improvement of the community." The club has given sign boards, painted the interior of the Town Hall, made generous contributions to the sidewalk fund and to the Church, and given particular attention to work for the sick and shut-ins.

To Weston belongs the honor of having had the first Woman's Relief Corps organized in Vermont. It was organized in 1883. For the next two decades the women rendered unfailing service to the G.A.R. of which they were the woman's auxiliary worked in general among the families of the Veterans of the Civil War. In September, 1904, finding themselves unable to maintain longer the required charter members, they surrendered their charter.

For years Old Home Day has been celebrated in Weston. They always have a big parade in the morning in which every organization is represented. Racing, public speakers, and music are on the program. At the Old Home Day in 1941 they celebrated the Sesquicentennial by having the floats in the parade represent the people of Weston as

they were a hundred years ago. They had the old singing schools, and carts drawn by oxen represented the old pioneers riding along with their families. In the afternoon an old-fashioned dance in costume was held on the common.

In 1940, Weston started a Boy Scout troop and a Cub Scout troop.

Among Weston's industries are the making of skiis, lawn chairs, and chair parts, and the grinding of corn meal. There is a ski tow operated by Raymond Austin. In the winter skiers come from all around to ski down the slopes of Weston. This town seems to have snow earlier in the winter and later in the spring than the surrounding towns.

After completing grammar school, those who go on to high school travel thirteen miles over Mount Terrible to Chester High School.

Just seven miles from the village is the Green Mountain National Forest. This is an unspoiled wilderness area of over two hundred square miles in Weston, Langrove, Peru, Mount Tabor, and maybe other towns or sections. This forest is under the supervision of the United States Forest Service. In this area at Langrove is the Hapgood picnic ground with camping facilities and a fine bathing beach. There is also a Greendale picnic area in the woods three miles north of Weston village. On the new mountain drive from Weston to Danby, past the famous Devil's Den, one may go twelve miles through wilderness country without passing a single human habitation.

Among the mountains near Weston are Mount Markham facing Weston on the east (2489 ft. high) and Mount Terrible, northeast (2844 ft. high) crossed by the road to Andover.

One thing you must not miss when you visit Weston is the maple sugar orchards. Weston sends out hundreds of gallons of syrup a year all over the country.

This township is divided into three sections. Weston Island, about two miles from the village where the people first settled, Weston village, and the Weston North End.

Now we've come to the end of our visit in Weston. I'm sure if you visit these places you will find that they live up to all my praises and more besides. It's quite remarkable for a small town with only about four hundred people living there at present to have so many activities.

The information contained in the above essay was obtained from the following sources:

Weston Old Home News — Published by Weston Community Club.

Weston, Vermont, Past and Present — Vrest Orton.
The Farrer-Mansur House — R. E. Boothby.
Personal observation.

Ann Story, A Forgotten Heroine of Early Vermont. III

By Marion Stevens
Student, Rutland High School

This essay won one of the twelve district prizes. No corrections have been made in the text. Editor.

On a beautiful day in the fall of the year 1774 a sad and lonely lad of fourteen years stumbled along a trail through the colorful but unbroken Vermont wilderness from the deserted little settlement of what is now Salisbury. The boy had no eyes for the breath-taking beauty of the thousand-colored mountains which surrounded him. His was a heart-breaking mission. Solomon Story, seeking comfort in his sorrow, was the bearer of ill tidings. His father, Amos Story, who had come to this region but a few weeks before, had built a small, sturdy cabin, and had started to clear and cultivate the land. Here he planned to bring his family the following year. Now these plans had been suddenly and tragically halted. He lay dead, struck down by a falling sugar maple of huge dimensions. His son trudged on to Rutland and his family with the sad news.

Ann Story faced the new hurdles thrown in her path of life with the courage she always showed in a crisis. Her plans were not doubtful long, for she realized that her family had to be provided for, an end which could only be accomplished, without dependence on outsiders, by her taking up the hard life of a pioneer in the wilderness and continuing to clear and cultivate for their new home. She made this decision gladly and without hesitation, never once thinking of herself and the wild region with its savage Indians and animals which she would be compelled to face.

Mrs. Story and her five children: Solomon, Ephraim, Samuel, Hannah, and Susanna, of whom the eldest was only fourteen, moved to the farm in Salisbury in February of the year 1775. It was up to Mrs. Story, of course, to take the lead in the labors of clearing the

land, and raising the crops for their food supplies. This would appear to us today, of a world of easy living, to have been an insurmountable task, but to Mrs. Story, who always had the vision of the family in their own home dependent on no person but themselves, it was not.

The physical labors involved in making the new home were probably the least of Mrs. Story's worries, for it has been said that she was of large stature, had great physical strength, and was blessed with excellent health. She was well-known for her ability in handling an axe which she did with a skill and power that few stalwart men possessed, and she was foremost and efficient in the art of rolling logs with a lever. It was not only her physical characteristics which helped Mrs. Story in this new life. If it had not been for her persevering and indomitable spirit and firmness in the conviction that the life she had chosen for her family was the right one, even her physical powers would not have succeeded in making the new home. She was well-known to the other settlers as a woman of "profound integrity" and was utterly fearless of Indian, Tory, or wild beast.

When the news of the war between England and her colonies reached the older settlements, the few inhabitants in this remote region were urged to move to the southern part of the state or to return to their former homes in Connecticut, where there was a denser population and better protection from hostile Indians.

Mrs. Story, however, stayed and undertook the risks of completing her settlement. She remained on her farm until most of the settlers had left that part of the country, and then went no farther south than the northern part of Rutland where she spent only the winter seasons. Probably she returned to the farm occasionally to clear land; she raised some crops throughout the war years.

In the early spring of 1776, after most of the settlers had left, a band of marauding northern Indians came down into this section. One day, just by chance, it was discovered that the Graves' house, in the next clearing, which Mr. Graves and son had left the September before, was swarming with Indians who were sacking and burning it. Having observed this scene, Mrs. Story lost no time. The Indians were making sure that the Graves' house was well on its way toward burning to the ground. While they were thus occupied, Mrs. Story stowed the valuables, saved from the cabin, and family, in a canoe anchored to the bank of the Creek a few hundred yards in front of the cabins. They paddled into the far recesses of the swamp where they could not be followed, since the Indians were on foot. At this

point they could see through and above the trees the beautiful but devastating red-orange flames leaping from the two cabins. As soon as the Indians were seen to leave, the family returned safely to the clearing. The constant courage and ambition of Ann Story were not daunted by the sight of her home in ashes, for the next day a new shelter was started. This task was soon accomplished without the aid either of horses or of a man's strength. Perhaps this cabin was not built of as stout logs as those of Amos Story's hewing but the smaller trees which Ann and Solomon could chop down, drag to the clearing, notch, and put together to form the new cabin, were to weather a good many years still.

Even after this experience, Mrs. Story could not be induced to leave, but she did build a cave in which to make herself and family more secure from attack, especially at night. A few hundred rods up the Creek from the clearing Mrs. Story and Solomon began to dig the cave. Most of the tunnel was dug out under water, for the space above the water was cleared only enough to allow the canoe to float in, which meant that those traveling in the canoe had to lie flat on the bottom so that they could pass into the cave. After a tunnel of a couple of canoe lengths was completed, enough dirt was dug out to make a subterranean room where eight to ten people could sit or lie in comparative comfort. A great deal of wisdom and judgment directed the locating of this cave. It was on the west side of the Creek where there was little or no travel and was near a bend where any who paddled it would invariably take to the opposite shore to save distance. Also, at this particular place, the dirt taken out settled beneath the water entirely out of sight. The family retired to this cave at night for safety.

The lot of Mrs. Story was further complicated by the addition to her household of a pregnant woman, faced with privation in the wilderness when deserted by her Indian captors, whom she protected and cared for during her confinement.

Early one morning, before the family had left the cave, one Ezekiel Jenny, well-known to Mrs. Story as a Tory, while passing by on foot, heard a noise, which seemed to be that of a child crying, coming from underground. He lurked around, trying to locate the sound, and was finally rewarded by seeing the Story family suddenly appear from the bank of the Creek. He followed the canoe downstream to where they landed, there accosted Mrs. Story, and questioned her as to some movements of the Whigs. She gave him evasive and unsatisfactory

answers, upon which he threatened to shoot her, but she bade defiance to his threats and said "she had no fear of being shot by so consummate a coward as he." Getting nowhere with her, Jenny finally departed. Mrs. Story lost no time in notifying Whig authorities that Tories were within the border. As soon as they were informed of this, they immediately formed a band and set upon their track. The Tories were undertaken the same day. That night at Monkton the Whigs stormed the house where the Tories were staying with the result that they captured everyone, numbering about twenty, and delivered them to the proper authorities at Fort Ticonderoga.

Mrs. Story and her family returned to Rutland in the latter part of December, 1776, or early in 1777, where they lived on the Simeon Chafy farm in the north of the town near the Pittsford line. Here she spent most winters, but in the summer she was found at work on her farm in Salisbury.

In 1792, her daughters, the youngest of the children, having been previously married, she married Benjamin Smauley, whose wife had died a short time before.

When Mr. Smauley became too old and too infirm to keep up his business, he returned to Middlebury in 1805 and spent the rest of his days with his son, Imri, on the farm he had first settled. Although he had been formerly a large landowner, at his death in 1808 his estate was found to be insolvent and his widow, who had done so many and great things toward settling the wilderness, was thrown upon the town as a pauper.

Ann Story again persevered when she supported herself without town relief until 1812, when she was married to Captain Stephen Goodrich, one of the first settlers of Middlebury. She lived comfortably and happily with him on a farm in the northern part of the town until her death which occurred April 5, 1817, at which time she was seventy-five years of age. She was buried in the graveyard of District No. 1, in Middlebury.

Her memory is honored with these words engraved upon her monument:

". . . Ann Story
In grateful memory of her
Service in the struggle of
The Green Mountain Boys for
The Independence of Vermont . . ."

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Reincarnation, 1942. IV

By Laurel Hanson

Student, Montpelier High School

This essay won second prize in the district which included Montpelier and Barre. No corrections have been made in the text. Editor.

THE cry of the world today is "Steel!" The furnaces roar, the pits resound, the bellows heave. We need steel, steel, steel. "Steel!" cries the army. "Steel!" cries the navy. "Steel!" The mines of Pennsylvania, Alabama, and the Lake Superior region are alive day and night pouring forth iron ore for the great blast furnaces. All possible resources are utilized, all possible force exerted upon the mines of the country. But still the army and the navy and the factories cry "Steel!" So the hard-pressed lords of industry are looking about and examining heretofore disregarded prospects. Some of them are coming north and east to a soft green country in their search for the spine of modern civilization — iron. Some of these investigators have turned back the pages in the history of iron and found in the yellowed and forgotten lines the story of an industry that "might have been."

The connection between the gigantic blast furnaces of today and a crude little forge at a spot known as Swanton Falls in northwestern Vermont seems remote indeed. But it was here that the great iron industry of the United States had its humble beginning. That crude forge established by the backbreaking toil and hazards of pioneer life produced the first wrought iron in this section of the country. The tales of the industry's birth are thrilling and dramatic but the most

significant of Vermont's early iron companies was the one established near Monkton and Bristol some seven years after the first iron was hammered at the Swanton forge. A Boston man, Francis Bradbury, bought a long time lease of the water rights, buildings, and six acres of land on the west side of Otter Creek in Vergennes. So in October, 1807, the Monkton Iron Company was formed. The members of the embryo corporation invested heavily in the venture. At least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were eventually put into the works. In fact, the assessments became so great that Mr. Bradbury was forced to turn his interests over to the other members of the company.

No time was lost in beginning construction. Laborers were hired at Vergennes and fifteen or twenty men set at work at the ore bed in Monkton. These laborers, mostly Irish and Canadian, boarded at a house run by the company and paid a monthly fee of "ten dollars and found." Well-wooded land was cheap and plentiful, assuring sufficient charcoal. Bog ore was brought from Swanton and mixed with the Monkton ore. Several forges were soon in operation and the iron was wrought into hammers, anvils, and necessary castings for the works. The manufacture of hollow ware was begun and "kittles" were sold in quantity. Thanks to the Monkton Iron Company the population of Vergennes had risen from 516 to 835.

In 1810 the works were at their peak. An air furnace had been built and both this and the blast furnace were in constant operation. Ore and charcoal were dragged by horses, oxen, and mules. Moulders worked day and night making stoves and hollow ware. The company's two sloops, the "Frances" and the "Dash," sailed to Troy and Montreal with heavy cargoes of iron products either for exchange or market. So the company prospered and expanded while clouds were gathering ominously. In 1812 the storm broke and Vermont, though an independent commonwealth, found herself involved. During the war, the company furnished the iron work for the ships that MacDonough constructed during his summer at Otter Creek. "Forty days after the great oak which had formed the keel of the Saratoga had fallen from its stump, the vessel was afloat and ready for its guns." (Robinson.) Much of the credit for this remarkable speed is due the Monkton Iron Company as the iron work was made easily accessible. The company handled much of the work of making cannon shot for the government. In December, 1812, the government ordered three hundred tons of cannon shot and MacDonough bought $1007 worth of iron for the construction of his fleet. By July

the company had made half of the shot ordered, doing this work at the rate of two tons a day. Mr. Bradbury described the works as "the *Laboratory* of the Northern Army." The government had taken the sloop "Frances" but no record is made of the payment of the $3000 asked for her, and a new ship, the "Maria," was bringing the bog ore from Swanton. The company went on making shot for the government's cannons, hindered by federal accusations of smuggling in defiance of the Embargo Act (a well-merited suspicion), and the confiscation of iron by the troops. In August, 1814, Mr. Welles received the disheartening intelligence that there was no more cash in the government casket and that there was little likelihood of there being any, at least in the immediate future. The company was advised to take the six thousand dollar payment for MacDonough's iron in treasury notes as they could be used in paying taxes.

Commodore MacDonough defeated the British at the Battle of Plattsburgh in September, 1814. In October Mr. Welles received a letter from Mr. Perkins, Boston treasurer of the company, saying: "I believe in my heart that MacDonough saved our works, but I believe too that our works saved his ships by furnishing a large supply of shot. So that I think it is an even bargain."

The handwriting in the company's books changed in the year 1815 and we find that the new clerk was a fifteen year old boy, Philip C. Tucker. The following year this lad had been given almost complete charge of the works. His duties were many but the ambitious youth still found time to study. The works, despite his valiant leadership, were already failing. The market was dull, the post-war depression had struck with full force, and the year itself was one of poverty and famine. The company was forced to sell its scrap iron at two dollars a hundred weight and dispose of much of its livestock. It was converting all its personal property into money, or, more correctly, for money was exceedingly scarce, into vital necessities. In August, 1821, the company renewed the Air Furnace for a short time but conditions grew steadily more hopeless and in 1829 the property on the falls was up for sale. The works were sold and passed from one owner to another until at present the land is in the possession of the Haviland Shade Roller Company, the Vermont Shade Roller Company, and the Green Mountain Power Company. The pit, once the ore bed of the largest iron works in the United States, is now filled with water and farmers cut their ice from it. White birches, moss, and brambles surround it. A patch of berry bushes grows in the cellar of what was

once the boarding house, and the Monkton Iron Company, erstwhile giant of industry, lies concealed under the blankets of time and nature. But the iron that once saved the life of the United States Navy still lies beneath its cloak of obscurity, an insurance for the day when a desperate and hard pressed country may turn for succor in time of stress.

Almost at the moment when the Monkton Iron Company feebly breathed its last, a new iron industry first saw light. Isaac Tyson, Jr., of Baltimore, while crossing the mountain near the head of Black River, discovered several pieces of ore which proved to be oxices of iron. A miner and a geologist, previously connected with the copperas works at Strafford, he foresaw great possibilities in his discovery. A bed of brown hematite (an oxide of iron) was opened in 1836 six miles south of the spot where Tyson found his handfuls of earth and an excavation was also made at the very location between Plymouth Union and West Bridgewater at which place the ore found is said to have made the best of wrought iron. Many other excavations were made, but the two which came to be principally employed were the ones of the brown hematite at the furnace, mentioned previously, and the deposit near the top of Weaver Hill east of Echo Lake. This last apparently furnished ore of superior quality for steel could be made from it without further process. Quantities of sand, very serviceable for moulding, also appeared in mining.

Tyson purchased hundreds of acres of woodland to insure a supply of charcoal and all the mineral rights in town and soon the works were in operation. The possibilities of this section are limitless. The bed of spathic ore is one of the only two known to exist in the United States. This ore is used extensively for steel products. The ore of the vicinity is heavily impregnated with manganese, making it brittle and unfit for cast iron but a valuable resource for the steel and munitions industries since it is scarce and very desirable.

After the Civil War the market dropped and, unable to face competent and post-war depression, the mighty bellows of the Tyson Furnace which were once heard for miles around were last heard in 1872 and have been silent ever since.

The abundance of copper in Vermont has lately been brought to our attention. Old mines are being reopened and the industry promises to rise again. But the iron supply in Vermont is not exhausted either. On the contrary, its surface has hardly been scratched. We have hardly begun to realize its scope in describing these few rep-

resentative industries of years gone by. A similar story could be told for Brandon, Chittenden, Jay, South Troy, Ely, Vershire, East Corinth, Strafford, Pittsford, and so on through out all the stretch of the Green Mountains. The spine of the soft green hills of Vermont is a strong one and a rich one — a truly iron foundation. As she has in times gone by, Vermont may hear the cry and bring forth the food for the hungry giant roaring, "Iron! Steel! Iron!"

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A VERMONT BOOKSHELF
A DEPARTMENT

In this department from time to time an attempt will be made to review briefly various publications that we believe will interest our readers. As heretofore, volumes that deal with major historical themes will be reviewed at length by individual reviewers selected on the basis of their specific knowledge of the assigned themes. Editor.

1. "The Significance of a Village Worthy"

JEDEDIAH BARBER 1787-1876. By Herbert Barber Howe. Columbia University Press. New York. $3.50. 1939.

This is a rare type of book — a masterly study of what Dixon Ryan Fox in his foreword describes as a "village worthy," Jedediah Barber, a New York pioneer merchant in a frontier era. Moreover, the pattern of the study ought to be of use and inspiration to some Vermonter who would like to trace the influence of one of our early merchants on his community and his state. Mr. Howe's meticulous, thoroughgoing grasp of his subject will delight a reader who has grown impatient with the clipped, spotty, erratic, journalistic style of writing that beclouds so many so-called historical books in this hurried day.

The book traces Jedediah Barber's life from his boyhood in Hebron, Connecticut, through the long and busy years until he became a "leading citizen" and outstanding merchant in central New York, and then on through a period of change which saw the pioneer merchant pass in the face of industrial shifts. The publisher's statement seems to me an accurate summary of the volume: "Jedediah Barber saw three distinct phases of American life. He was a pioneer merchant in a frontier area. He was a typical 'leading citizen' during the second, or village-country, era. Finally, he lived to see his mode of life facing destruction with the coming of the complex-industrial era. There were men like Jedediah Barber in all sections of America in the corresponding periods of their development, and so, while this book tells the life story of one man, it is at the same time a case history of a now vanished type of American citizen."

Readers weary of reading about "heroes," business men, educators, students of social questions and economic developments, will find Mr. Howe's a rich source of information. The twenty-two illustrations are attractive, pertinent, and useful.

2. *"Hot Issues" and Progress*

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT IN VERMONT. By Winston Allen Flint. Introduction by Paul F. Douglass. American Council on Public Affairs. Washington, D.C. 1941.

Most political and economic reforms in Vermont seem to have a basis in some moral upheavals — just why is a problem for some inquisitive student. The Progressive movement in Vermont was a resounding affair whose echoes have not yet died away. Professor Flint's analysis avoids all discussion of personalities, and for the general reader probably will lack interest for that reason; but anyone who wishes to follow a closely reasoned synthesis of the factors that created the Progressive movement and the results thereof will find the study rewarding.

The specific problems analyzed include caucus reform, supervision of public service corporations, the struggle for a direct primary, labor regulation and factory inspection, a workmen's compensation act, and the reorganization of the state government.

The specific style of Professor Flint's method of discussion is summarized in this quotation from the introduction by Doctor Douglass:

> Let us begin, says Professor Flint, with the problems of "caucus reform." The issue is the method by which the selection of candidates can be taken from the hands of those "cliques and interests which devote the most time and money" to party organization. The problem is how governmental machinery can be reconstructed by legislation to insure the maximum degree of fairness in the choice of candidates and the minimum possibility of corruption. The evils of the Vermont caucus, as Professor Flint reports them, were the product of two deep-seated attitudes on the part of the public and its politicians. On the part of the politicians, the attitude is that public affairs are the province of the politicians and that the less the people know about their affairs, the better it is for the politicians. This is the conception of politics as "a closed corporation." On the part of the public, the attitude is that the politicians will run the affairs anyway and that the people should only intervene by protest on occasions of violent abuse of the esoteric privileges accorded their "leaders." If these two attitudes combine to thwart the seminal and crea-

tive forces of democracy, one can only say that dozens of Yankee communities, heavily in debt, testify to the inevitable effect of such a process. Even in Vermont, the public seems incapable of a sustained interest in public affairs with the sacrifices of time, money, and injured feelings involved. Too often government falls into the hands of a kind of "politician" whom I define as one having so little business of his own that he has time to take care of the business of everyone else.

3. *Historic Westminster*

History of Westminster: Vermont Sesquicentennial Souvenir of Westminster 1791-1941. By M. Elizabeth Minard. Published by the Town of Westminster. 1941.

Westminster was one of the first towns to adopt the suggestion of the Citizens Sesquicentennial Committee that each town in the state should prepare, as a key sesquicentennial activity, something in the nature of a town history even if limited in form. It is a credit to Westminster, its town officials and its citizens, that such an interesting and effective book finally materialized. It will be useful for generations.

The history is very readable. The early history of the town is summarized; sketches of early settlers before 1800 and biographies of leaders in the town, beginning with Stephen Row Bradley, are given; then other sections deal with education, the churches, industries, items of general and human interest, and finally the Westminster sesquicentennial celebration. A ballad, "Bear Facts," written by Margaret Wright Bent, and recited at the celebration tells the story of an early forthright character, "Uncle 'Riah," whose ire was aroused by a bear raiding his corn patch on Sunday. "Uncle 'Riah" shot the bear on a Sunday morning and the explosion of his gun disrupted a church service, the result being he was slated for "excommunication." He appeared at the excommunication with his gun and became master of ceremonies, and he was *not* excommunicated. Eighty-seven illustrations contribute decidedly to the appeal and interest of the history.

4. *Wait of the Rangers*

Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Wait of Rogers' Rangers and the Continental Army: Freemason and Pioneer Vermont Settler. By John Spargo. Bennington, Vermont. 1942.

Mr. Spargo has compressed into his skilfully printed brochure a most effective sketch of the life of an early Vermont pioneer and soldier.

Although the study was probably made by Mr. Spargo to show that Colonel Wait was a Mason — "His grave is the oldest known grave of a Master Mason in Vermont" — and will be of definite interest to Masons, the author's firm grasp of historical method and his expressive and cogent style make the brochure an authoritative, even if brief, biography of Wait.

One of the most impressive sections of the brochure deals with an analysis of the history of the stone, known as "The Wait Milestone," which is still standing in Springfield, Mass., at State and Main Streets. It carries this inscription:

BOSTON ROAD

THIS STONE IS ERECTED
BY JOSEPH WAIT ESQR
OF BROOKFIELD
FOR THE BENEFIT
OF TRAVLLERS
AD 1763

It is impossible in the space available to follow Mr. Spargo's able and ingenious dissection of contemporary, and largely false, conceptions of the stone's purpose, character, and history. Interested readers must be referred to the brochure.

D. J.

POSTSCRIPT

Ultimum verbum non dico

THE State Library was the scene on February twenty-eighth of a unique ceremony which surely deserves a note. I asked our state librarian and good friend of the Society, H. J. Conant, for a brief report on the event, and here it is:

Exercises in memory of Rudyard Kipling's residence in Vermont were held Saturday morning, February 28, in the State Library under the auspices of the League of Vermont Writers. A bronze plaque with the following inscription was presented to the State:

THIS PLAQUE HAS BEEN AFFIXED
IN HONOR OF
RUDYARD KIPLING
who resided in the State of Vermont
from 1892 to 1896.
Here he wrote
The Jungle Books
The Day's Work The Seven Seas
and Captains Courageous
League of Vermont Writers
February 1942

The immediate occasion for the ceremonies was the production in motion pictures by the United Artists Corporation of the Jungle Books, the leading character, Mowgli, being acted by Sabu who appeared in person and spoke briefly of his life and experiences in the production of the film.

The exercises, which were broadcast over WCAX, were opened with a few remarks by Prof. Leon W. Dean, President of the League. The plaque was presented to the State by Charles Crane of Montpelier who lived in Brattleboro many years and was personally

acquainted with many friends and neighbors of Kipling from whom he learned something of the life of the writer.

Governor Wills accepted the plaque. He welcomed Sabu and commended his work. He referred to Kipling's life in Vermont and the present interest in the Far East about which Kipling wrote. Governor Wills in his remarks said: " 'East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet' but on the rugged Bataan peninsula. At this very hour, the East and the West together, — the native Filipinos and their brothers from Brattleboro, from Barre, from Burlington — from New England, from America — under Gen. MacArthur are giving hourly proof that the twain have met and having met are making history that will rank with the epics of all time."

The exercises continued with the reading of some of Kipling's poems by Rev. R. A. Hall of Charlotte, with the reading of a poem written by Miss Margaret S. Rice of Brattleboro (read by Miss Shaeffer, Secretary) and with the singing of the Recessional by Andrew Y. Gallup of Burlington.

Several hundred people attended the ceremony, many of whom were children who were fascinated by Sabu and crowded around him afterwards to request his autograph and also to sing with him many popular songs.

* * * * *

Readers who found the student essays in this issue of some value may also be interested in the other details of the Edmunds essay contest. While the prizes are substantial — $100, $75, $50 for the state prizes; $5 in each of twelve districts with a medal and certificate, and twelve second prizes of $2.50 — the emphasis of the contest is not placed upon the prizes but upon the fun and values in studying and writing on some phase of Vermont history. The reactions of the students themselves are often shown in letters coming to us. These comments are typical:

It might interest you to know that I profited greatly by entering this contest. I not only saw Vermont through the eyes of our historians, but I also learned many interesting new facts through my own investigation. It took me three months to work up my essay.

I wish to thank you and through you the Vermont Historical Society for the Edmunds Prize Essay Certificate for District 5. Since receiving this, I have had it framed and hung in my study where it

will serve as an inspiration for my English and History courses. Through this essay contest I have become very much interested in our state history and hope to do more original research.

The old familiar axiom that an interested teacher means as a rule an interested student holds true in this contest. In certain schools — by no means the largest — the contest is used as a class project or special credit is given for writing the essay, and the results are definitely satisfactory. Some of the state winners have made impressive records later on in college. All in all, I believe the officers of the Society are justified in reasoning that the contest forms an important phase of the general program.

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Seldom in Vermont, in our concerts or in any type of program, even in our schools, do we hear any old Vermont ballad sung, but outside the state singers and composers of national reputation are making use of the ballads turned up by the research of Helen Hartness Flanders. For instance, Gustav Klemm's setting of "Old Tombolyn," which can be found in *Vermont Folk Songs and Ballads* [*Green Mountain Series*], is now being sung widely by Lansing Hatfield of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and it won second prize in Class 1 of the nation-wide contest recently concluded by the National Federation of Music Clubs. Mr. Klemm, by the way, attended the last pilgrimage to the old Rockingham Meeting-House, and his sketch of that moving commemorative service is well worth reading. It will be found in the November 1941 issue of *The Vermonter*.

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Here is an idea from way down in Texas that might be used by some Vermont organization. The Philosophical Society of Texas in planning its one hundred and fourth anniversary uncovered the scheme of a program which would recall the early days of the Republic of Texas. Old flags were secured; tables were set with oldtime china, glass and silverware; the food of the fathers was served; songs they loved to sing were sung; the tables were decorated with bouquets of flowers which were in vogue in the old days. It seems to me that various types of clubs looking for a fresh impulse might find a suggestion of value in such a scheme.

With the departure of our Librarian-Curator, Mr. Edward A. Hoyt, into the armed forces of the United States, our directors were forced again to seek for a competent candidate for an office upon whose successful administration most of the success of the work of the Society depends. Through the initiative of President Gay Mr. Earle Williams Newton was secured. He comes to the Society with a background and training that promises much for the future of our various interests. He was born in Cortland, New York, but his prompt purchase of a home in a Vermont rural section, in Calais, tends to show his Vermontish slant. His education includes graduation from Phillips Andover Academy, Amherst College *magna cum laude* in 1938, Columbia 1939. Columbia granted him his master's degree and he is now continuing his study for the doctorate.

As an editor, he is associated with Professor Harry J. Carman of Columbia in editing a series of thirty volumes, *Historic Backgrounds of Modern America,* now in progress with the publishing house of Alfred Knopf. He is director of historical research for the Webster Publishing House of St. Louis, and two monographs in the series, *American Life Monographs,* have been published. He is the author of *Before Pearl Harbor,* a brief survey of the rise of Japan and Japan-American relations; also, *John Hanson and the American Constitution.* During 1940 and 1941, Mr. Newton was engaged in Hyde Park working on a historical and biographical *magnum opus* on President Roosevelt and the New Deal. It was his expectation that he would continue this work, but the re-election of the President closed that particular activity. Mr. Newton points out that his interest in the Hyde Park undertaking was not that of a follower but a historian. In the few weeks that Mr. Newton has been with the Society he has won the esteem of his associates, and we feel that the active local direction of our functions as the state historical society is in good hands. Members and friends who visit Montpelier are urged to make themselves known to him and his capable assistant, Miss Agnes K. Lawson.

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One of the intriguing — to use a much abused word — features of historical research, or any research for that matter, is to see the unexpected ending to a blind alley. In the slow puzzling out of the Winch diaries, I was surprised to find the trail leading into my own village, Northfield, and into the Masonic Hall here where there is a picture of Joel Winch, probably our circuit rider. Many of the diary

notes bear upon local history, and a local hill, still called Winch Hill, is clearly the site of his farm. Like most of us and generations before us, he was concerned with the incidents of his life that bore directly on existence; so the diary skips lightly over a number of events which I had hoped he would treat in some detail. For example, he saw the first train come into the village, but he gives its arrival a brief sentence. With the circuit preacher out of the way, I hope to locate a diary kept, say, by a cobbler; and I hope he will prove to be observant, watching the life about him as not mere existence but as a tale to be told, for the mender of boots is nearer to man's goings and comings than are the prophets and the soothsayers.

A. W. P.